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II.

Johnny held down his head, and look'd like a fool;
Dear Billy your word to me is a rule;
And as to a marriage, I'm willing to try it—
Provided you shew me what can be made by it.

III.

For you know 'tis a maxim I've held thro' my life,
Whether buying a house, a horse, or a wife;
I strive to steer clear of being counted a blockhead,
By putting the most that I can in my pocket.

IV.

An Union for riches, quoth Will, there's no sin in—
And the wench that I mean has got great store of linen,
Of beef, pork and butter, and such stout usquebagh,
As will make you sing merrily, *Erin go bragh*.

V.

Says John, my dear Billy, I'm perfectly sure,
To a marriage this damsel I ne'er can allure;
One wife, the world says, would be too much for you,
And pray, Billy Pitt, how can I manage two.

VI.

To humbug Scotch Peg, in the days of Queen Nancy,
By fraud and by bribery, I thus pleas'd my fancy;
But to bigamy now has the law put a check;
So I hope, my dear Sir, you won't hazard my neck.

Derry down, &c.

A VILLAGE, on Vesuvius' side,
Had long escaped the boiling tide;
But Vulcan comes, in dire array!
His rosy-robcs the God betray,
And red-wing'd Gnomes, that round him play.

When wond'rous! from a hamlet near,
Was heard a voice unaw'd by fear:
“When Night o'er-spreads her sombre shades;
“Bright shines the Moon, as Phœbus fades;
“And thus, when fate yon town o'erwhelms,
“We shall alone illumc these realms.”

But ah! the Muse's annals say,
They'd fear'd Minerva's bird away;
Their souls were more with commerce fraught,
Than with the wide encircling thought;
They careless gazed, and heard the crash,
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
And the rude fiery breakers dash;
While dread combustion shakes the ground,

And the rent-steeple reels around;
Now Nature makes an awful pause!
Now—Earthquake opes her pond'rous jaws!
But let me pass the horrors by,
Of ev'ry sinking victim's cry!
For oh! beneath the neighb'ring plain,
Was laid the same sulphureous train!
And Fate the baneful circle drew,
Around the luckless hamlet too!

Thus CORK, awhile might stand her ground,
While mould'ring cities sink around;
But soon a like convulsive shock,
Should cause her lofty domes to rock,
And Fortune totter from her shrine,
While jealous Vulcan springs the mine.

Then, CORK, no more let phantoms lead,
Beneath Deception's twilight shade;
Oh! timely hear a warning call,
And mourn thyself, in DUBLIN's fall;
Beware the cypress on her grave!
And fly the willow-crown they weave!
For in the scented wreathcs they strew,
The Snakes of Envy lurk for you!

As well my eyes might joy to see,
The gilded-pill that poisons me;
Unheedful, that my fading bloom
Involves them in a kindred tomb!

MENTOR